

NORTH CAROLINA.

Goldboro Argus: The serious illness of Mrs. Nancy Bass, sister of ex-Governor C. H. Brocken, has resulted in her death and she was buried yesterday afternoon. Henderson Gold I. O. O. F. As far as we have been able to ascertain, the funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and the burial took place at the cemetery. The funeral services were held at the residence of the deceased, and the burial took place at the cemetery.

The centennial anniversary of North Carolina Synod, October 1897, has been organized at Salisbury, N. C. May 3, 1897. A suitable observance of this notable event is in preparation.

The secretary of state has distributed \$20 copies of a pamphlet, 1897, to magistrates, this number covering all the magistrates save those in four counties from which no returns were made.

Payetteville Observer: Rev. R. W. Harrell closed a two weeks' meeting in the Hope Mills Baptist church Sunday night. In the presence of a large congregation he baptized fifteen converts, while six others joined the church by letter.

Biblical Recorder: The county commissioners of Chatham county have honored their officers, served their people and their God and done credit to themselves by refusing to grant licenses to retail liquor anywhere in the county.

Charlotte News: Mark, the 5-year-old son of Mr. Ernest Williams, fell from a tree in Irwin's pasture on yesterday afternoon and broke his right arm just above the wrist. The little fellow has suffered very much since the occurrence.

Raleigh News and Observer: It is reported that Mr. W. W. Hayward, editor of the *Defunct Tribune*, will return to Hendersonville and edit *The Times*, a weekly paper over whose fortunes he presided for a short while before coming to Raleigh.

Concord Standard: Monday evening, about 6 o'clock, while several little children were playing in the kitchen of Dr. Robert S. Young, Little Ellen Gibson, the 10-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James C. Gibson, fell from a ladder, breaking both arms in her arm, between the elbow and wrist.

Raleigh Press: The Ferris wheel, Colonel J. S. Carr loaned to the ladies for their Charlotte exposition, and which has been used in the city, has been stolen. It was loaded on a flat car at Charlotte and started home, but disappeared on route.

Bryson City Herald: In the case against John Higgins for killing George Cline the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. In discharging the jury the judge, while not criticizing the jury, remarked that there should have been a drunken brawl at a bawdy in the county in which one man was killed and others badly hurt and no one being shot by a cannon.

Raleigh Press: A very remarkable explosion occurred Saturday evening a few miles from Wakefield, the thriving young town in the lower part of Wake county. The boiler to an engine which furnished motive power for a threshing machine burst, killing two cows. The cows were killed with pieces of iron and had the appearance of being shot by a cannon.

Winston Sentinel: Paul Vaughn, a printer, whose home is in Raleigh, fell from a passenger train in Danville last night, breaking his neck. The place where he fell was about 100 yards from the station. He was suffering considerable pain when he passed through Greensboro.—Jim Cook, an 18-year-old boy, was shot by a cannon, and died at Longwood, Yadkin county, Sunday, while in bathing. It is said that he was drinking before going in the water and was killed by a cannon.

The clerk of the court of Rockingham county has issued a proclamation that the day at Laurinburg, North Carolina, the 23rd of June, 1897, shall be a day of public mourning. There were cast 129 votes with the word "Prohibition" on them, and 129 with the word "License" on them. It seems that the majority of the voters of the county are in favor of the word "Prohibition" and "No License" and "No Prohibition" should be the form of the ballot. The dry men were not so successful in this, and hence the clerk's proclamation.

Charlotte Observer: Chief of Police Ashcraft, of Monroe, shot Mr. Brack, a well known young man of that city, Monday night. The observer's informant did not learn any of the particulars, other than that the wound was considered serious.—Elkin, June 22.—News of a murder two miles east of Wilkesboro reached here today. A white man named Benze killed a negro named Harris, cutting his throat from ear to ear. The killing was the result of an old grudge. Benze surrendered himself to the officers.—Asheville, June 22.—Miss Charlotte Rice, of Toledo, Ohio, who was injured in a runaway accident here Saturday, died Sunday morning.

Charlotte Observer: Jack, the Ripper, who once made his appearance on North Brevard street, in this city, waylaid a young lady at 187, and cutting off her hair, has been heard from at Mr. R. B. Orr's, about a mile and a half this side of Newell. Monday night, Mr. Orr and family retired as usual. Two of the girls, Loula and Mary, aged respectively 15 and 18, going into the room in which they always slept. At 1 o'clock in the morning Mr. Orr got up and made a fire in the kitchen for his wife, and then went on to the barn to feed Mrs. Orr. When he returned, he found Loula, hearing her mother up, got up and put on part of her clothes. There was no light in her room. Her mother called to her to wake her mother, who was sleeping in an adjoining room. Loula went and called Ida. As she came back into the room she saw a man, she could not say whether he was white or black, jump out of the window. Mary was still asleep. Loula screamed and ran into the room where her mother was. She, at the same time, discovered that her mother's hair had been cut also. She called to Mr. Orr. He gave the alarm, and he and his hands started in pursuit of the fiend. The children's hair lay in two places on the floor in the room where they had slept. No trace of the man who had been seen, notwithstanding that the hounds from the convict camp were put on the trail. Two tramps were seen Monday morning sitting on the railroad track near Mr. Orr's. It is supposed that one of them was Mr. Orr's visitor.

CASTORIA.
The famous signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.
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The Training Brig Safe.
Portsmouth, England, June 24.—The training brig *Sea Lark*, which was whose safety was expressed, as she was here on Thursday last from Queens Ferry, in order to take part in the naval review of Saturday next, reached Spithead safely today. The brig had been disabled in a gale and had also been detained by head winds.

Your Boy Won't Live a Month.
So Mr. Gilman Brown, of 34 Mill St., South Gardner, Mass., was told by the doctors. His son had Lung trouble, following Typhoid Malaria, and he spent three hundred and seventy-five dollars with doctors, who finally gave him up, saying: "Your boy won't live a month. He tried Dr. King's New Discovery and a few bottles restored him to health and enabled him to go to work a perfectly well man. He says he owes his present good health to use of Dr. King's New Discovery, and knows it to be the best in the world for Lung trouble. Trial Bottles Free at R. R. Bellamy's Drug Store.

STATE PRESS.

Governor Russell believes that if the state executive were given power to convene a court immediately upon the capture of a man charged with such crime as usually provokes lynching, that trial and execution might be speedy and the danger of lynching would be greatly lessened. That would cut no figure with such a negro as he is. As soon as the trial was over and a republican judge or solidator or negro political boss recommended their pardon we believe he would take great pleasure in turning him loose. Within the history of the state Governor Russell undoubtedly cares less about protecting the homes and firesides of people than any man who ever occupied the executive chair if there is a black brother in the woodpile.—Oxford Ledger.

Every democrat must be a "free trader" in the sense that he accepts the doctrine that the government can levy a tariff tax only for purposes of revenue, and every democrat must favor "a tariff for revenue only" in the sense that revenue can be the only justifiable excuse for a tariff.

In other words, if the United States enjoyed a sufficient income from property of their own like Peru from its guano beds, the levying of a tariff tax of an interior revenue tax, or of any other kind of tax, would be little short of a crime. No democrat who believes in the strict construction of the constitution—and such belief is the test, as it was the origin, of democracy—can be anything else than a "free trader" in the sense above described. But if by "free trader" is meant one who, in face of the government's need for revenue, favors the abolition of duties on imports and the support of the government entirely by internal taxation, then democrats can differ on this question, and still be democrats.—Fayetteville Observer.

We believe every word of the story. It is exactly like both of them. Butler makes no bargain of which he is not the chief beneficiary, nor enters into any compact except for gain or vengeance. Last winter he fought Pritchard to the death; fought his re-election to the senate with every resource at his command, but failed to defeat him. This contest over the next thing to be looked forward to is his own re-election, and in due time he seeks terms of peace from the duke, whom he sought by every means at his command to defeat, and, according to the current story, gets them. We have said that this is like both of them. It is like Butler, because he makes no deal that does not give him the long end of the rope. It is like Pritchard because it betrays the weakness which has marked him ever since he became conspicuous in politics. A man of high personal courage, exhibiting a nerve in personal contests, he has been seen before now to weaken in politics before weaklings like Butler. It does not astonish us to hear that he has weakened again.—Charlotte Observer.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by R. R. Bellamy, Drugist.

FUN.

"Did the prisoner admit his guilt?"
"Practically! He sent for the most distinguished criminal lawyer in town."—Chicago Journal.

Missus—You were snoring awfully in the night Mary.
Maid—Yes, 'm; but it was out of worrukin' hours.—Boston Transcript.

"I thought Brigsy was going to sell his farm on account of the mosquitoes there?"
"He did talk of it, but struck a better thing. It's a summer resort now."—Detroit Free Press.

"The face," said the oracular boarder, "is an exact index of the mind."
"Not an exact one," said the cheerful idiot. "For instance, when a man has his temper ruffled, his brows are knit."—Indianapolis Journal.

"From what I hear, Mr. Earnestly, that son of yours at college is a little fast."
"A little fast?" repeated the old man, disdainfully. "He holds the amateur record as a 100-yard sprinter."—Detroit Free Press.

Attorney—What makes you newspaper men tell such lies about people?
Editor (on the witness stand)—We do it to avoid libel suits.

Attorney—To avoid libel suits?
Editor—Yes; the truth is the only thing that can't be proved in court.—Chicago.

"A dinner such as we have had today," said the elderly boarder, "makes me feel like a young man."
"Indeed!" was all Mrs. Ashcroft's rejoinder.

"Indeed! When I think of the lamb we had for dinner I feel that if that was lamb I must be still a boy."—Indianapolis Journal.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

If Mrs. Dominis is looking for a lawyer to represent her in this matter, it will afford us pleasure to recommend Dr. Grover Cleveland as a most suitable person to take the case.—Washington Post.

A democrat speaker pro tem. of the democratic Arkansas house has put in operation there the quorum-counting rule to defeat filibustering tactics, and the Little Rock Gazette (democrat) says that "he did exactly right."—New York Evening Post.

A sigh of relief will go up from the country when the tariff bill is out of the way. It is about as bad as it can be, but suspense is worse. Now that the end has come in sight, business can find encouragement even at this advanced stage of the season.—Boston Post.

Mr. Caffery, of Louisiana, declares that "a public man who is confined within the narrow limits of a selfish interest is not fit to hold a seat in the United States senate." And none of his colleagues raised the point that it was unparliamentary to thus impeach the senate by wholesale.—Philadelphia Record.

What call has Mr. Mills, of Carolina, or any other democrat, to talk about a "tariff for revenue only" as a democratic doctrine? The democracy abandoned that doctrine when it adopted the Wilson bill for protection to the sugar trust and deficit to the government.—Buffalo Express.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sore Throat, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positi y cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per bottl. For sal by R. R. Bellamy.

This is the Package

remember it. It contains



Colgate's
Washing Powder
that cleans everything quickly, cheaply and perfectly.

For economy buy 4 lb. package.
THE N. E. FAIRBANKS COMPANY,
Chicago, St. Louis, New York,
Boston, Philadelphia.

PEOPLE ALL ABOUT.

Frederick Miller, a telegraph "messenger boy," of Branford, Conn., is 87 years old, and can walk long distances.

Judge Abraham Marks, who is still practicing law in Kansas, is the original of Lawyer Marks, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The empress of Japan is distinguished for her musical taste and ability, and in particular plays the koto—a Japanese instrument resembling the zither—with great success.

The German empress is said to have reduced her weight considerably by a rigorous course of dieting, but looks pale and much older. Her beautiful hair has become quite white and her expression careworn.

Miss Belknap, who is soon to become the Christian religion and to become a Jewess in order that she may wed Paul May of the Belgian diplomatic service, is a sister of Congressman Belknap of Chicago, and a daughter of the former famous secretary of war.

The lady is a popular belle in Washington society. Mr. May is a brilliant young Jew, who stands high with the Belgian government.

According to the astrologists, Queen Victoria should have died in October or November, 1895. Some of the most noted astrologists in India set the aforementioned as the time of the queen's decease. But in spite of their predictions and their elaborate arrangement of planetary configurations to support them, the queen still lives, and millions of her subjects are singing, "Long Live the Queen."

What Is News

Recently The Augusta Chronicle contained an interesting article on, "What is News?" and in reply thereto, it answered its own query as follows:

"News is anything that the general public ought to know."

"News consists of events that are either very unusual or very unusual."

"News is the daily record of the human race put into convenient form for the public."

"News is the panorama of the world every twenty-four hours in embryo."

"News is whatever the public will read and pay for."

"News is anything from Jones' arrival in town to the fall of an empire."

"News is historical fact. It is what occurs, not what is imagined."

"News is the truth concerning men, nations, and things. That is truth concerning them which is helpful, or pleasant, or useful, or necessary, for a reader to know."

"While the subject of our contemporary refers to the practice which people make of requesting that news concerning themselves be left out of the paper. They want all the news, but if it is about themselves or those connected with them, they ask that it be omitted, but if it is about other people they like to see it in print. In other words, if the news is about them, leave it out; if about the other fellow, print it, and be sure to give the full story."

This is about the idea which many convey to the newspaper man, and there is hardly a day that some request along the above line is not made of the daily newspapers.

It never occurs probably that the requests are embarrassing to the newspaper men, but all the same it is. As the Chronicle observes, "when it comes to eulogy and flattery, however undeserved and extravagant, these people are ready enough to see that in print; and it is astonishing how much it takes to satisfy them as long as it is sunshine they will publish it by all means; but when a shadow comes their way; when they violate law; when the aspect in which they will appear before the public is not complimentary, then at once they say: 'Keep it out of the papers.'"

This is human nature. But should a newspaper publisher accede to the request? Is he dealing fairly with those who pay for the news? These are questions that persons who request the suppression of legitimate news items should consider.—Norfolk Virginian.

Henry Drummond's Humor

A feature of Professor Drummond's character was his sense of humor, and who have given an estimate of the man, was his humor. He had the "grand manner" and a stately gravity which kept outsiders from seeing the genial side of his nature. This also had its origin in the simplicity which was the keynote of all his character. He was fond of little practical jokes, and could coax his friends to perfection. Almost the last time I saw him, was at a dinner to which we had been invited to meet a London celebrity who was to address a meeting after dinner. Drummond came over to me and whispered, "Do you want to go to this meeting?" I shook my head a little sadly, feeling that there was no help for it, and he said, with a touch of mischief in his eye, "Well, run." We took an opportunity, when everybody was attending to the party, to slip out, and went along to his house with the glee of two school-boys playing truant. He enjoyed the escape hugely and looked upon it as a practical joke that we had got the celebrity's house without his sting.

All his intimate friends could testify to his capacity for fun, and every day there was nobody else in the house worth considering when Henry Drummond was in it. He would lower the cases and tell ghost stories with a comical denouement that was irresistibly funny. He would gravely propound a problem and make you puzzle it out, only to find it was a hoax. At the very last, when he could hardly speak, he would try to keep up his friend's spirits by taking them in with some amusing conundrum. In the days of his power and with all his America and Australia, he came home with delightful stories that went the rounds as Drummond's latest. This characteristic of humor was part of the instinctive joy of living which beamed in his very face. He had so many interests, artistic, scientific, and social, and he lived in such a sweet atmosphere of faith that life was to him very good.—Woman at Home.

SCIENCE OF HERALDRY

The Crest is the True Badge of Chivalry and Nobility

The real meaning of a crest seems quite obscure to many people. The crest is, in fact, simply the ornament on the top of the helmet worn by a commander, and is to distinguish him in the confusion of battle. The mantle is the covering of the helmet, and is as inappropriate as the crest for ladies' use, excepting only persons who use it as a robe of estate. Helms are of five kinds, varying according to rank. The crest is always unique, especially stated otherwise, placed upon a wreath upon the top of the helmet and is always painted thus. The crest was in use long before armorial bearings were, and is the true mark of chivalry and nobility.

Achievements, shield of arms, escutcheon and coat of arms are one and the same, although achievements is usually applied to "those funeral escutcheons which being placed upon the fronts of houses or elsewhere set forth the rank and circumstance of the deceased." A man's coat of arms is always painted on a shield, with supporters and crest. It is entitled to a coat of arms as a "habit worn by the ancient knights over their armor, both in battles and tournaments, which was made of the armor of the knights, embroidered in gold and silver and enameled with beat in the colored black, green, red and blue, whence the rule ever to apply color on color, or metal on metal."

The achievements of married women are arranged precisely as are their husbands'. The crest is always unique, and the motto, the ground always painted black under the wife's and white under the husband's.

Spinsters' and widows' arms must always be painted upon a lozenge. "The achievements of widows differ from those of maidens in that the escutcheon is lozenge shaped and the ground is entirely black. The arms should be encircled by a silver cord."

This is the badge of widowhood, and, of course, should never be used by unmarried women, though some outside make the mistake of painting it around the shoulders of their children.

There are now nine different crowns or coronets used by the nobility, and to catch his natural prey in the jungle, so he hangs about a village like an area snake, picks up goats and calves, one day falls on a helpless man, woman or child at the edge of the forest, and having tasted human flesh, longs for more. Confirmed man-eaters, it is said, care for no other food than they may get from the forest. Any other: it is probably easier to get in many cases. But whether a tiger becomes a man-eater by force of circumstances or by choice, he is a terror to the neighborhood he frequents, and, as he adds to the tale of his victims, helpless and helpless, he invests him with supernatural attributes, and call on their gods to avert his wrath.

A noted specimen of this class had killed a great number of people about a certain village somewhere in Kattywar, and had taken to polishing off dak-runners as they passed through a narrow jungle defile, three or four miles from the village. He grew cunning, the shikaris were baffled time after time in their attempts to sight him. When an armed escort accompanied the dak-runner, a tiger was killed; so after some days it was thought the tiger had shifted his quarters. Then the escort was dropped one evening, and immediately another unfortunate runner disappeared. A special reward was offered by the government, but without results. For months and months the man-eater continued to kill with impunity. My cousin in the staff corps, a keen shikari and very determined fellow, swore he would shoot that tiger, got ten days' leave, and pitched his tent near the village in question. He tried all he knew, tied up buffalo calves, beat the jungles with 300 or 400 men, even accompanied a tiger hunter through the fatal defile, but in vain.

At last he resolved to personate the dak-runner himself, and go alone. Attired as a native and armed with a rifle and pistol, he slung a mail bag over his shoulder and started on his perilous adventure one evening at sunset, jingling a number of little bells to his person. After the manner of dak-runners, he trotted on till he reached the place of evil omen. Then all at once with a bound the man-eater appeared in the middle of the road not twelve feet wide, facing him. The man pulled up short at a distance of some fifteen yards, raised his 12-bore, and, by the mercy of God, dropped the tiger stone dead with a ball in the brain.—Badminton Magazine.

How a Brave Shikari Killed a Man-Eater

You all know that a man-eater is generally a tiger, but sometimes a leopard. He catches his natural prey in the jungle, so he hangs about a village like an area snake, picks up goats and calves, one day falls on a helpless man, woman or child at the edge of the forest, and having tasted human flesh, longs for more. Confirmed man-eaters, it is said, care for no other food than they may get from the forest. Any other: it is probably easier to get in many cases. But whether a tiger becomes a man-eater by force of circumstances or by choice, he is a terror to the neighborhood he frequents, and, as he adds to the tale of his victims, helpless and helpless, he invests him with supernatural attributes, and call on their gods to avert his wrath.

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Savannah, Ga., April 26, 1896.
Having used three bottles of P. P. P. for impure blood and general weakness and having derived great benefit from the same, having gained 11 pounds in weight in four weeks. I take great pleasure in recommending it to all unfortunate like

Yours truly,
JOHN MORRIS.

Office of J. N. McElroy, Drugist,
Orlando, Fla., April 20, 1891.

Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga.
Dear Sirs:—I sold three bottles of P. P. P. large size yesterday, and one bottle small size today.

The P. P. P. cured my wife of rheumatism winter before last. It came back on her the past winter and a half bottle, \$1.00 size, relieved her again, and she has not had a symptom since.

I sold a bottle of P. P. P. to a friend of mine, one of the turkeys, a small one, took sick and his wife gave it a teaspoonful, that was in the evening, and the little fellow died over her. He was dead, but next morning was up howling and well.

Yours respectfully,
J. N. McELROY.

Savannah, Ga., March 17, 1891.
Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga.
Dear Sirs:—I have suffered from rheumatism for a long time and did not find a cure until I found P. P. P. which completely cured me.

Yours truly,
ELIZA F. JONES.

16 Orange St., Savannah, Ga.

The Straits of Nobility.

The baron and the baroness had come to town, and the young New Yorker who had met them when he was a student at Heidelberg was showing them the sights of the city, says The New York Telegram.

He took them, among other places, to a German beer hall in Third avenue, where all manner of antique mugs and porcelain are perched on shelves against the dark, walnut panels of the walls.

Fritz, his favorite waiter, came, and with an air which was grandeur on ice, the youth who had studied abroad summoned his most kuttler German to his aid, and ordered three steins of Wuerttemberg and three sandwiches.

The baroness detected the Bavarian accent in the waiter's voice when he repeated the order, and addressed him in his own dialect.

"From Bavaria also?" said the waiter when he returned with the foaming flagons. "My wife lives there now. Perhaps you know her already. Her name is—"

The baroness smiled indulgently over the foam-flecked rim and shook her head.

"Shall I make him drop dead?" asked he who had been to Heidelberg.

"Not at all," replied the baroness. "The next time the foreign educated youth came to the place he hunted up the waiter, and by adroit conversation brought the subject around to those who had accompanied him to the restaurant."

"That woman," he said, "whom you asked if she knew your wife was a baroness."

"So is my wife," replied Fritz, as he calmly sild a bill of fare across the table. "That was the baroness.—I knew her well."

The Round Cotton Bale

(Atlanta Journal.)
While a number of cotton experts have given their cordial endorsement to the cylindrical cotton bale strong objection is made to it by many cotton brokers in New York and other cities. It is difficult to sample cotton packed in such a bale.

The Boston Herald which is in touch with the cotton men of New England comes to the defense of the new bale as follows:

"The new method of baling cotton in compressed cylindrical bales, bound with cotton cloth instead of jute baling, is said to have proved highly satisfactory. The space in a vessel's hold or in a railway car for a given quantity of cotton is much less when cotton is put up this way than when packed in the old manner. More than this, it has been found practically impossible to set fire to a bale of cotton put up in this manner, and the outer fiber is much less liable to damage than when the cotton is put up in a somewhat loose and uncertain manner. From the grower to the manufacturer reports are highly satisfactory, while as cotton is intensely inflammable, and as many fires that have occurred at sea have been charged to cotton, the use of a method of packing which eliminates this serious hazard is one greatly to be commended. It is easy to change the custom in a year or two, but the chances are that ten or twelve years from this time all, or nearly all, of the cotton grown in our southern states which is sent to northern or to European markets will be packed in these closely compressed cylindrical bales."

Who is still more favorable to the interests of the cylindrical bale, the New York Shipping List has become its stout champion. After commending it in the highest terms, the journal says:

"Machines will be leased, but in no case sold, to planters, and will turn out the cotton so tightly pressed that a 50-pound bale will be of the present size of a bale of the same weight. Another important advantage lies in the fact that the cylindrical bale can be shipped direct to the spinner and need directly to his machinery without further handling. An immense saving in freight will be effected by the decreased amount of room occupied by the cotton in transit."

How Fast Wild Geese Fly.

During the three days ending March 22nd numerous flocks of geese were seen migrating northward, or, rather, north-eastward, since they were following the general trend of the coast line, which, in New England, is nearly north-eastward north of Cape Cod. On the morning of March 22nd, while A. E. Sweet and I were measuring clouds at the end of a base line 1,178.4 meters in length, extending from the Blue Hill Meteorological observatory to the base of Blue hill, we succeeded in measuring, with our cloud theodolites, the height and the velocity of flight of one of these flocks of geese. So rapid is the velocity of flight that the flock was visible to the observers only about two minutes, but during that time two sets of measurements were taken with the theodolites on the leader of the flock.

The first measurements, at 8:49 a. m., were accurately taken at the observatory station, but were only approximate at the other station. The second measurements, at 8:50 o'clock a. m., were accurate and simultaneous at both stations. Using the second set of observations at both stations for the height and the two sets of observations at the observatory station for the velocity, the calculations gave the height as 990 feet above the Neponset river valley, of 960 feet above sea level and the velocity of flight as 14.3 miles an hour. The direction of flight was from southwest to northeast.

On a previous occasion we found a flock of ducks flying from the north-east at a height of 958 feet with a velocity of 47.3 miles an hour.—H. Helm Clayton in Science.

Catarrh Cured

No remedy is as effectual in eradicating and curing Catarrh as Botanic Blood Balm. (B. B. B.) It purifies and enriches the blood, eliminates microbes, bacteria, etc., and builds up the system from the first dose. Thousands of cases of catarrh have been cured by its magic power. For all blood and skin diseases it has no equal. Buy the old reliable and long tested remedy, and don't throw your money away on substitutes, palmed off as "just as good." Buy the old reliable Botanic Blood Balm. Price \$1.00 per large bottle.

SAYS IT IS GLORIOUS.

cannot refrain from telling you what a glorious medicine you have. For two years my mother has suffered with a severe catarrh of the head and ulcerated sore throat. She resorted to various remedies without effect, until she used Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.), which cured her catarrh, and healed her sore throat.

W. A. PEPPER,
Fredonia, Ala.

For sale by all druggists.

Ringwood Notes.

(Cor